

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

From the London Star.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

Sir: When our thoughts dwell upon the United States of America, a majestic form rises before the eye of imagination. It is a Washington!

Look, then, to what is taking place in that country of Washington at this present moment. In the Southern States of the Union there are slaves, and this circumstance is regarded with indignation, as the most monstrous of inconsistencies, by the pure and logical conscience of the Northern States. A white man, a free man, John Brown, sought to deliver these negro slaves from bondage. Assuredly, if insurrection is ever a sacred duty, it must be so when it is directed against slavery. John Brown endeavored to commence the work of emancipation by the liberation of slaves in Virginia. Pious, austere, animated with the old Puritan spirit, inspired by the spirit of the Gospel, he sounded to these men, these oppressed brothers, the rallying-cry of Freedom. The slaves, enraptured by servitude, made no response to the appeal. Slavery afflicts the soul with deafness. Brown, though deserted, still fought at the head of a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he was riddled with balls; his two young sons, sacred martyrs, fell dead at his side, and he himself was taken. This is what they call the affair of Harper's Ferry.

John Brown has been tried, with four of his comrades, Stephens, Coppie, Green, and Cope-land.

What has happened of his trial? Let us sum it up in a few words:

John Brown, upon a wretched pallet, with six half-gaping wounds, a gun-shot wound in his arm, another in his loins, and two in his head, scarcely conscious of surrounding sounds, basking his matted hair in blood, and with the ghastly presence of his two sons ever beside him, his four fellow-sufferers wounded, dragging themselves along by his side; Stephens bleeding from four saber wounds; justice in a hurry and overlooking all obstacles; an attorney, Hunter, who wishes to proceed hastily, and a judge, Parker, who suffers him to have his way; the hearing cut short, almost every application for delay refused, forged and mutilated documents produced, the witnesses for the defense kidnapped, every obstacle thrown in the way of the prisoner's counsel, two cannon loaded with canister stationed in the Court, orders given to the jailers to shoot the prisoners if they sought to escape, forty minutes of deliberation; and three sentences to death. I declare on my honor that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things cannot be done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of humanity is an ever-watchful eye. Let the judges of Charleston, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slaveholding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder on it well; they are watched! They are not alone in the world.

At this moment America attracts the eyes of the whole of Europe.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 23rd of December—this very day.

But news has just reached us. A respite has been granted to him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die.

The interval is a brief one. Before it has ended will a cry for mercy have had time to make itself effectually heard?

No matter! It is our duty to speak out.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble nation. The impulse of humanity springs quickly into life among a free people. We may yet hope that Brown will be saved.

If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the King is past, and the day of the people dawns and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the attorney Hunter, nor the judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, though we can scarce think or speak of it without a shudder, the whole American Republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one venerates that Republic, the more heart-sick one feels at the contemplation of such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case there is an obvious justification for a Federal intervention. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes a participator in its guilt. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States force them to share the opprobrium of this murder.

All of us, no matter who we may be, who are bound together as compatriots by the common tie of a democratic creed, feel ourselves in some measure compromised. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the incorruptible voice of history would then forward testify that the august Confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the faces of that splendid Republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

It is a bond that can only kill.

When we reflect on what Brown the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes an importance coextensive with that of the nation which would commit it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is one of the glories of the human race; that, like France, like England, like Germany, she is one of the great agents of civilization; that she sometimes even leaves Europe in the rear by the sublime audacity of some of her progressive movements; that she is the Queen of an entire world, and that her brow is irradiated with a glorious halo of freedom, we declare our conviction that John Brown will not die, for we recoil horror-struck from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

Viewed in a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would generate the Union with a gaping fissure which would lead in the end to its entire disruption. It is possible that the execution of Brown might establish slavery, on a firm basis in Virginia, but it is certain that it would shake to its centre the entire fabric of American democracy. You preserve your infamy, but you sacrifice your glory.

Viewed in a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the enlightenment of humanity would be eclipsed, that even the ideas of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of Emancipation by Liberty.

As for myself, though I am but a mere atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, impelled by the conscience of humanity, I fall on my knees weeping before the great expiring banner of the New World, and with clasped

hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, to see to the safety of the universal moral law, to save John Brown, to demolish the threatening scaffold of the 16th of December, and not to suffer that, beneath its eyes, and I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, a crime should be perpetrated surpassing the first fratricide in iniquity.

Fort—yes, let America know it and ponder on it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel: it is Washington slaying Sparta.

VICTOR HUGO.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Dec. 2, 1859.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN.

From the Worcester Republican.

By permission of the Rev. J. W. McFarland, of Worcester, to whom it was addressed, we copy, from the original, the following letter written by John Brown, in answer to one received by him from Mr. McFarland. The letter, like all the others written by Brown since his imprisonment, speaks the spirit of a true hero and martyr.

JAIL, CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 23, 1859.

Rev. McFarland—Dear Friend: Although you write to me as a stranger, the spirit you show toward me and the cause for which I am in bonds, makes me feel toward you as a dear friend. I would be glad to have you or any of my liberty-loving ministerial friends here, to talk and pray with me. I am not a stranger to the way of salvation by Christ. From my youth, I have studied much on this subject, and at one time hoped to be a minister myself, but God had another work for me to do. To me it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. But while I trust that I have some experimental and saving knowledge of religion, it would be a great pleasure for me to have some one better qualified than myself, to lead my mind in prayer and meditation, now that my time is so near a close. You may wonder are there no ministers of the gospel here? I answer no. There are no ministers of Christ here. These ministers who profess to be Christian, and hold slaves, or advocate slavery—I cannot abide them. My knees will not bend in prayer with them while their hands are stained with the blood of souls.

The subject you mention as having been preaching on, the day before you wrote to me, is one which I have often thought of since my imprisonment. I think I feel as happy as Paul did when he lay in prison. He knew if they killed him it would greatly advance the cause of Christ; that was the reason he rejoiced so. On that same ground, "I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Let them hang me, I forgive them, and may God forgive them, for they know not what they do. I have no regret for the transaction for which I am condemned. I went against the laws of men, it is true, but "whether it be right to obey God or men, judge ye." Christ told me to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, to do toward them as I would wish them to do toward me in similar circumstances. My conscience bids me do that. I tried to do it but failed. Therefore I have no regret on that score. I have no sorrow, either, as to the result, only for my poor wife and children.—They have suffered much, and it is hard to leave them uncared for. But God will be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

I have frequently been in Worcester, and if any of my old friends from about Akron are there, you can show them this letter. I have but a few more days, and I feel anxious to be away, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Farewell.

Your friend, and the friend of all friends of Liberty,

JOHN BROWN.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN PHILADELPHIA.

We are disappointed in not receiving a letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent for the present issue, the fatigue induced by the extraordinary labors and exertions of the last few weeks having compelled him to postpone what he intended to write of the interesting scenes and events of last week in that city. Having ourselves been an eye-witness of some of the occurrences alluded to, we will use the small space at our command, just before going to press, for a statement which, while it will in some degree satisfy the eager curiosity of our readers, will not detract from the interest of the more complete account which we hope our Correspondent will next week furnish.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was opened in Concert Hall, in Chestnut street, on Monday evening, Dec. 12th. The display of goods was very fine, and the sales up to Wednesday night quite satisfactory. The pro-slavery party, excited by recent events, were greatly annoyed by the evidence which this Fair, quietly proceeding before their eyes, afforded that the recent "Union Saving" demonstration had failed to put down, or even intimidate, the Abolitionists. The flag of the Fair, suspended across the most favorable street of the city, with its picture of the Old Liberty Bell of the Revolution, bearing the incendiary inscription, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," excited their deep indignation. A city or, inance, forbidding the suspension of any flag across a street, though violated every day by other citizens with impunity was hauled up and enforced against the lady managers of the Fair. The friends of the Union were also greatly annoyed at beholding the most fashionable hall in the city in possession of those who had so lately denounced in public meeting as fanatics and traitors. The "Honor of Philadelphia" must be vindicated by their extortion. An effort was first made, we understand, by the Trustees, to dispossess the lessee by a summary process for arrears of rent; but this was found to be impracticable. The lease was then examined and found to contain a clause permitting the Trustees to take summary possession of the hall in case it should be let for any purpose calculated to endanger its safety. This was just the pretext that was needed. A writ of ejectment was served by the Sheriff about noon on Thursday, and the ladies, though there had not been the slightest symptom of disturbance, were compelled to remove their goods. The Fair was opened the next day, however, in the Assembly Building, and continued till Saturday evening. Whether the sales were increased or diminished by the removal we are unable to say. We only know that the Fair, in spite of this chivalrous interruption by the Union-Savers, was a complete success. The lady managers "took joyfully" the removal, if not "the spoiling of their goods."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH VINDICATED.

The announcement that George W. Curtis, Esq., would speak at National Hall, on Thursday evening, upon "The Present Aspect of the Slavery Question," stirred the wrath of the pro-slavery party to its lowest depths. They declared that they could not and would not stand it. A

combination was formed and money contributed by wealthy merchants to break up the meeting. An effort was made by leading and influential citizens to overawe the Mayor, but he at once declared that, although he had not the least sympathy with the views which Mr. Curtis was reputed to hold, and though his friends were hardly excusable for endeavoring to procure a hearing for him in the then excitable state of the public mind, he would protect the meeting. If necessary, by all the power which the law placed in his hands. And he fulfilled his promise. We have not room to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that it was a splendid vindication of the right of Free Speech against a lawless mob. An excited throng, gathered in front of the hall in consequence of a mobocratic appeal in some of the papers, and animated by a fixed determination to break up the meeting, was kept at bay by the police, while those inside who tried to make a disturbance were promptly arrested and removed. The audience, numbering hardly less than 2,000 people, behaved with admirable coolness. The contrast between this scene and that which occurred in the same city in 1838, when the Mayor quietly allowed a mob to drive the friends of freedom from the place where they were assembled, and to burn a beautiful and costly public hall, was very gratifying.

From the True American.

PLUCK.

When Richard Cobden was in this country a year ago, he looked upon American politics and said—"Your Republican party lacks pluck." Such was the settled conviction of a great mind, looking from a disinterested standpoint. Assuming that the leaders and office-holding politicians of the Republican party are fair indices and representatives of the party itself, and that Cobden spoke in the light of that assumption, then a truer fact was never stated. Other testimony aside, his truth is abundantly proven by the craven, cowering conduct of the Republican members of the present Congress—we mean of such members as have taken part in the debates that have thus far engaged the attention of the sessions. We take it that poorness of spirit is excellent, and that forbearance is a goodly virtue. But courage and manliness are enjoined upon us, as well. If forbearance is beautiful, pluck is noble. But our Republican representatives seem utterly to lack the latter quality. They cower before the bluster of southern spit fires, and make haste to disclaim any intention of committing the treason of thinking for themselves. In the grim presence of this great orator of chattel slavery, they are acting only on the defensive. They allow their opponents to assume that love of liberty is a crime, and then submit to be arraigned and tried for that crime, before the country. To this indictment they plead "not guilty," and beg of the South not to believe that they are half as good Christians as they would appear. They gulp down their principles when approached by the lords of the lash, and apologize for having been caught in decent company. They deny standing on their own platform, and apologize for seeming to believe in the Declaration of Independence. No sooner does the hammer fall, than some pirate of the south who lives by whipping women and plundering cradles, rises and indicts the Republican members for having subscribed to a book—a book simply showing, after the manner of a U. S. Census report, that slavery is ruinous to the state that tolerates it. The Republicans instantly betake to blushing, "apologizing, and like very culprits, begging pardon for doing an act in which they should have gloried—an act in which, if they had not already, they should make haste to commit! And so, between free-eating at the South and dirt-eating at the North, the session is passing! We are pained at this paltering apocryphancy. We think our Northern members might at least delay to mouth over the master's Catechism till the school is organized. We believe they might safely accept the advice of a contemporary, and when asked "Who made you? Whom do you belong to? Have you read Harper's book? Do you know John Brown?" &c., &c., they may at least delay reply until the chair is filled. We think they might go even farther, and say, "None of your business," or even "Yes, sir; we read Harper's book, and know John Brown, and like 'em both very much." And when the big block heads threaten to break up the school and go home, tell 'em "Git along." "Good riddance." This would be better and braver in Northern boys than to say, "We haven't read Harper's book," (a most disgraceful confession for a big boy who can spell liberty and slavery,) or to say "We don't know John Brown; we guess he is a naughty and crazy man;" (very shammy evolutions, even for little boys who can spell h-e-r-o.) We want our Northern and Western pupils, to "hold up their heads" a little higher. Their mothers begin to expect it of them. Even if they should be a little saucy to the big blusterers, they needn't fear a scolding when they get home, but perhaps praise, and possibly some nice cookies.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

MISS FOUKE ON THE SHOOTING OF THOMPSON.

The St. Louis Republican has received and published the following letter from Miss Fouke, of Harper's Ferry, a lady whose name has been widely published in connection with the killing of the insurgent Thompson:

HARPER'S FERRY, Nov. 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—I anticipate your surprise when you shall read on the signature attached to this sheet; but that surprise will vanish when you learn the why and wherefore I have taken the liberty of writing you a few lines. I have learned from the Daily Missouri Republican, that you were under the impression that I saved the life of Thompson, the insurgent, when he was taken captive. He was brought into the public parlor of the hotel, sometime before I knew he and Stephens had been captured. When I first saw Thompson, he was seated in an arm-chair, with his hands tied behind his back, guarded by some of the citizens.

Very soon after, Mr. Beckham, one of our most esteemed citizens, was shot down unarméd as he was. I went into the parlor, and heard one of the guard ask Thompson if he was a married man; his answer was that he had been married six months only.

I walked up to where the prisoner sat, and said to him:—"Mr. Thompson, you had much better have staid at home, and taken care of your wife, and pursued some honest calling, instead of coming here to murder our citizens and steal our property; that their first act was to kill a free colored man, because he would not join them in their wicked schemes." He said I spoke truly; but that they had been basely deceived.

Whilst I was talking to Thompson, several of the friends of Mr. Beckham, who were justly en-

raged at his cold blooded murder, came in, with the avowed determination to kill Thompson on the spot. As they appeared with leveled rifles, I stood before them, and protested him, for three powerful reasons. First, my sister-in-law was lying in the adjoining room very ill, under the influence of a nervous chill, from sheer fright, and if they were carried out their design, it would have proved fatal to her without doubt. In the second place, I considered it a great outrage to kill the man in the house, however much he deserved to die. Thirdly, I am emphatically a law and order woman, and wanted the self-condemned man to live, that he might be disposed of by the law. I simply shielded the terrified frightened man, without touching him, until Col. Moor (I think it was) came in and assured me, on his honor, that he should not be shot in the house. That was all I desired. The result everybody knows.

Respectfully yours

C. C. FOUKE.

A HEROINE UNCROWNING HERSELF.

The cowardly barbarism of Virginia character, as developed by the Harper's Ferry tragedy, was for a moment relieved by what appeared to be a deed of generous heroism on the part of a woman. All honorable men, and all kind and generous hearted women, have felt a thrill of admiration on reading the account of the efforts of Miss Fouke to save young Thompson from the fury of his brutal murderers. It was a small oasis in the frightful desert of Virginia ferocity. But it was a deceptive and unreal oasis, and Miss Fouke hastened to dissipate the illusion and to place herself along side of the common herd of Virginia savages.

She writes a letter to the Virginia Republican; to say that her greatest reason for shielding Thompson was, not that she wanted to save his life, but that she wanted to save the nerves of her frightened sister, by preventing the shooting of Thompson in the house; and that when she was assured that he would not be killed in the house, "this was all she wanted," and she gave him up to the mob. Well, let Miss Fouke go.

She enjoyed a momentary reputation for womanly pity and womanly heroism, which she neither deserved nor appreciated, and she has now sunk back to her place on the dead level of Virginia cruelty. She makes the whole scene at Harper's Ferry complete again in the gloomy symmetry of its barbarity, without a single instance of magnanimity or generosity to relieve its savagery. By writing such a letter, Miss Fouke has cast from her a bright crown of womanly glory, and has bloomed over that page in history, which would have been illustrated by what appeared to be a deed of heroic pity on her part, honorable to her sex, and to the heart of womanhood. Let her go.—Frederick Douglass's Paper.

The rumor of an epidemic in the Ohio Penitentiary, to which currency was given in the Journal of Thursday, was slightly erroneous. There was a slight disorder from corn bread, but not a prisoner was in the hospital.—State Journal.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1859.

To the Editor: The "Inexpressible Conflict" goes on. Indeed it is just the Help we needed, a Helper indeed! Indeed every thing helps us. The wrath of man, or the praise of man, it is all combustible, and feeds the flame of truth. Congress is yet without a Speaker; and yet it never spoke better than now. These dead looks with slavery, well perished in, are at least some assurance, that we are not wholly sold, (or given away rather,) to the Devil.

Here in the East, our political Mummydom has just been galvanizing itself into another Union-Saving Apocryphic. It is refreshing to see that the South are coming to regard these ghostly performances as they really are; the worthless work of worthless, superannuated, dried up devotees of the Almighty dollar, or of that class of politicians who have been on every side of every political question, and would sell their souls for sixpence to any broker in such stocks as would buy them, and cheat him most ruinously at that.

And then the bawlers are not half so numerous as they seem. The signers to the Calls, are made up in a way not unlike those bogus Check Lists in Kansas, in the Border Ruffian Reign. If the South can stand these Northern Union-Savers, they need no longer fear Seward and all his hosts.—The Highest priests of this worship, were almost every one of them kneeling at the altars of far other gods, not long ago; from Cushing waked out of his snoring, to write a letter in his shirt-dread and night-cap in favor of the most radical Anti-Slavery of that day, (or night,) to Cochrane of this State, screaming themselves as hoarse as Consumption, for Free-Soil and Charles Francis Adams. Why do not the South think a moment! Why not reflect that so soon as the circumstances will warrant, (and the time may be near,) these creatures will all be on their bellies creeping back again, like slimy reptiles out of a mirey jungle, to more plentiful reptiles or pot-luck, no sort of matter where found, or at what price (in their currency,) or penance sold.

And thus the South will ever be suffering loss. Union-Savers cannot save slavery. Poor devils, they cannot save themselves! Slavery is of hell, and is ever sinking; carrying down all who cling to it, or seek to save it. No St. Stephen ever sought to roll such a stone up the Mount of the Ages. Everything is above and before it, to block its way. The whole bulk and weight of the Eternal God, all heaven, all holiness, all history, all humanity, all the Universe, except hell and the little (or much,) thereunto belonging.

So let the battle rage. It will not be long.—Perhaps the children are already born who will change their names as they die, to escape the reproach of being supposed the descendants of the best Patriots, Priests or Union-Savers of these degenerate times.

When Slavery shall have been no longer History in this country, than it is now in Great Britain, when its bloody whips, manacles, thumb-screws and branding irons shall be here, (as now there,) treasured in the Cabinets of antiquarians, as horrible relics of a horrible system of crime and cruelty, when Slave-breeding shall have become too loathsome to name without a blush, and slave-trading without a shudder, when the whole bottomless pit of its abominations shall have been grown over forever, like the lakes and seas of the older geological periods, then where will be the name and fame of those who now desperately stake all of life and soul and salvation in its support. To that time, let us commend them to turn a thought. For who needs fear to prophesy, that "this generation shall not pass away, before all these things shall be fulfilled!"

PARKER PILLSBURY.

From Salem Republican.

EDWIN COPPOCK.

NEW GARDEN, Dec. 17th, 1859.

FRIEND RUCKENBROD:—It is my privilege to record one of the most tragical events occurring in our settlement, yesterday, that our citizens have ever been called upon to witness; that, of attending the obsequies of our much lamented friend, EDWIN COPPOCK.—The funeral services took place at the house of Joshua Coppock, (an uncle of the deceased,) six miles south of Salem.

Words are inadequate to convey an idea of the deep feeling, and the tender sympathy felt for this victim of Virginia cruelty.—A throng of people gathered, at an early hour, to pay the last and tribute to one, who, but a few hours previous, was in the enjoyment of sound health and a vigorous constitution. His appearance was that of a healthful, energetic young man, who was taking his usual nightly slumber. Alas! that it should be the slumber that knows no earthly waking, for a foul deed has been enacted. Yes, Virginia—a sister Republic—has done that deed, and Ohio stands aghast! A freeman, loving liberty with all the enthusiasm of youth, what wonder that he should be impelled to assist those who were deprived of their natural, God-given rights, to obtain their freedom. The humble Nazarene taught the doctrine, "Remember them in bonds as bound with them." "Undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." EDWARD COPPOCK endeavored to practice it. For doing this, he lies in his snow-covered grave, to-night. No stain of blood-guiltiness was upon him, for no one fell by his hands. The poor and the lowly, he endeavored to elevate, and sacrificed his life for their earthly redemption. The appearance, yesterday, was that each arrival brought new mourners. A large family assembled to weep over a murdered brother, whose actions were worthy a better recompense than a southern gibbet and a halter—the traces of which he bore upon his manly person—deep-furrowed in the flesh.—Would that every northern man could have gazed upon this feature of Virginia barbarism, and then, and there, have registered his vows that every moral means should be used to overthrow the hydra-headed monster, Slavery, whose offering lay before him. Would that every mother could have imagined that son her own; could have lain her finger in the wound that caused the death-struggle of the unfortunate one; then would she have realized that Southern cords are not befitting Northern Freeman. The immense crowd that gathered yesterday, is a fitting sign of the times. Human nature cannot resist the spontaneous glow of sympathy, which is electrical.

"For mankind is one in spirit, And an instant bears along, Round the earth's electric circle, The swift flash of right or wrong. Whether conscious or unconscious, Yet, humanity's vast frame Through its ocean-veined fibers, Feels the gush of joy or shame; In the gain or loss of one race, All the rest have equal claim."

The Priest and Levite were doubtless there who would have been willing to have passed by on the other side, but many, very many good Samaritans were there, also, "Who, when they saw him, had compassion on him." After a numerous throng had gazed on him for the last time, a solemn silence was observed, and by permission the subdued lines of the wound that caused the death-struggle were read by a person who had heroically traced them, after looking on his calm face in the morning. His remains were respectfully deposited in Friend's burying ground, New Garden, Columbiana county, Ohio. To our citizens, this has been a solemn occasion. May the impression made that day for good, be as lasting as the scene was solemn, and the moral resistance to tyranny, be equal to the pulling down of strong holds.

REMARKS OVER THE BODY.

FRIENDS: A brother lies before us, murdered by brothers' hands! Every heart present should well up in deepest sympathy for the youth, who, apparently, is taking a calm slumber here, to recuperate a system which looks full of health and vigor. How can we realize that this is Death? No sickness has wasted his natural form, nor has an unforeseen accident lain him low. With the staminal of life about him to have lengthened his time to four-score years and ten, the cord of life is rent asunder at twenty-four years.—The violent hands of man have been laid upon him, and he lies here as their victim. No offence equal to the punishment is chargeable upon him. His own words are, "I am thankful that no one fell by my hands!"—He, as one of old, fell among thieves, and though the good Samaritans were there to bind up his bleeding, mental wounds, his physical life was sacrificed, and he was murdered for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done her, but that she has also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we slumber here, to see the dark stain of slavery deduced for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can he more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they